THE STATE SENTINEL
--Weekly--

Is published every Thursday Office on Illinois St., Second Block North of Washington.

☞The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year, always in advance. In no instance will more than one number be sent till the money is received. Subscribers will receive due notice a few weeks before the expiration of each year or term, and if the payment for a succeeding year or term be not advanced, the paper will be discontinued. This rule will be strictly adhered to *in all cases.*

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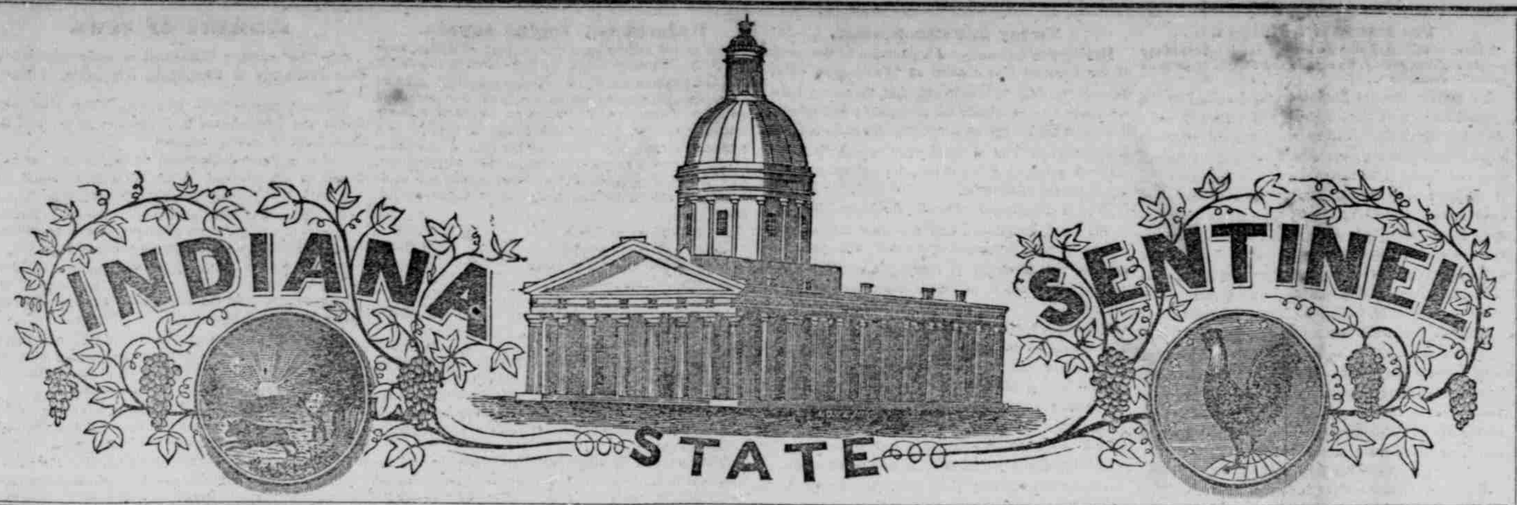

BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN. INDIANAPOLIS, APRIL 10, 1845. Volume IV....Number 42.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES
and Measures.

A simple and frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits.

A strict construction of the Constitution, and no assumption of doubtful powers.

No National Bank to swindle the laboring population.

No connection between the government and banks.

A Diplomacy, asking for nothing but what is clearly right and submitting to nothing wrong.

No public debt, either by the General Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity.

No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly or indirectly, by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.

A Revenue tariff, discriminating in favor of the poor consumer instead of the rich capitalist.

No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States.

A constitutional barrier against improvident State loans.

The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith.

A gradual return from a paper credit system.

No grants of exclusive charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks.

No connexion between Church and State.

No proscription for honest opinions.

Fostering aid to public education.

A "progressive" reformation of all abuses.

A Remarkable Adventure.

The pioneer who dwells in the vicinity of Indian hunting ground, forming a barrier between savage and civilized men, learns to hate the Indian because he hears him spoken of always as an enemy. Having listened from his cradle to tales of savage violence, and perused with interest the narrative of aboriginal cunning and ferocity, and numbering also, among the victims of some midnight massacre, his nearest and dearest relation, it is not to be wondered at that he should fear and detest the savage. While the war-whoop is sounding in his ears, the rifle is kept in readiness, and the cabin door secured with the return of evening.

Among those thus born and reared, one Thomas Higgins, of Kentucky, stands pre-eminent. During the war of 1812, he enlisted at the age of nineteen in a company of rangers, and went to Illinois. One of the most remarkable events of war occurred near Vandalia, in which Higgins participated.

A little fort, or rather a block house, having been erected about twenty miles from Vandalia, late the capital of Illinois, and about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, to protect the frontier settlements from the Indians, Lieut. Journay and twelve men were assigned as its garrison. Of the latter, Higgins was one.

The surrounding country was, at that time a continuous forest; and the little hamlet of Greenville a frontier town.

On the 26th of August, 1814, strong indications of savages being in the neighborhood were apparent, and at night a party of Indians were seen prowling about the fort.

On the morning of the 31st, before daylight, Lieut. Journay, with the whole force under his command, sallied forth in pursuit of them: they had not proceeded far before a large party of savages—seventy or eighty in number—rose from their ambush, and at the first fire the Lieutenant and three of his men were killed and another wounded. Six returned in safety to the fort, and one (Thomas Higgins,) lingered behind in order to have "one more pull at the enemy."

The morning was sultry. The day had not yet dawned; a heavy dew had fallen during the night, and the air being still and humid, the smoke from their guns hung like a cloud over the awful scene.

By aid of this cloud the companions of Higgins escaped to the fort. Higgins's horse having been shot in the neck, fell upon his knees; he rose however again. Higgins supposing him to be mortally wounded, dismounted, and was about to leave him. Perceiving soon thereafter his error, and that the wound was not dangerous, he determined to make good his retreat, but resolved before doing so to avenge the death of some of his companions.

He sought, therefore, a tree, from behind which he could shoot with safety. A small elm, scarcely sufficient to protect his body, was near. It was the only one in sight, and before he could reach it, the smoke partly arose and discovered to him a number of Indians approaching. One of them was in the act of loading his gun. Higgins, having taken deliberate aim, fired, and the foremost savage fell. Concealed still by the smoke, Higgins reloaded, mounted his horse, and turned to fly, when a voice apparently from the grass, hailed him with, "Tom, you wont leave me, will you?"

Higgins turned immediately around, and seeing a fellow soldier by the name of Burgess lying on the ground, wounded and gasping for breath, replied, "No, I'll not leave you—come along."

"I can't come," said Burgess; "my leg is all smashed to pieces."

Higgins dismounted, and taking up his friend, whose ancle had been broken, was about to lift him on his horse, when the latter taking fright darted off in an instant, and left Higgins and his wounded friend behind.

"This is too bad," said Higgins; "but don't fear; you hop off on three legs, and I'll stay behind between you and the Indians, and keep them off. Get into the tallest grass and crawl as near the ground as possible." Burgess did so and escaped.

The smoke soon cleared away, and he resolved if possible to retreat. To follow the track of Burgess was the most expedient. It would however endanger his friend.

He determined, therefore, to venture boldly forward, and if discovered, to secure his own safety by the rapidity of his flight. On leaving a small thicket, in which he had sought refuge, he discovered a tall, portly savage near by, and two others in a direction between him and the fort. He paused for a moment, and thought if he could separate and fight them singly, his case was not so desperate.

He started, therefore, for a little run of water hard by, but found one of his limbs failing him—it having been struck by a ball in the first encounter, of which, till now, he was scarcely conscious.

The largest Indian pressed close upon him—and Higgins turned round two or three times in order to fire. The Indian halted and danced about in order to prevent his taking aim. Higgins saw it was unsafe to fire at random; and perceiving two others approaching, knew he must be overpowered in a moment, unless he could dispose of the forward Indian. He resolved therefore, to halt and receive his fire. The Indian raised his rifle, and Higgins, watching his eye, turned suddenly as his finger pressed the trigger, and received the ball in his thigh, which otherwise would have pierced his body.

Higgins fell, but rose immediately and ran. The foremost Indian, certain of his prey, now loaded again, and with the other two, pressed on. They overtook him—Higgins fell again, and as he rose the whole three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose again—and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced upon him with spears and knives. As he presented his gun at one or the other, each fell back.

At last the largest Indian, supposing Higgins's gun to be empty from his fire having thus been reserved, advanced boldly to the charge. Higgins fired, and the Indian fell.

He had now four bullets in his body—an empty gun in his hand—two Indians unharmed, as yet, before him—and a whole tribe a few yards distant. Any other man but Higgins would have despaired. Napoleon would have acknowledged himself defeated; Wellington, with all his obstinacy, would have considered the case as doubtful—and Charles of Sweden have considered it one of peril. Not so with Higgins. He had no notion of surrendering yet. He had slain the most dangerous of the three; and having little to fear from the others, he began to load his rifle. They raised a savage whoop, and rushed to the encounter; but kept at a respectable distance when Higgins's rifle was loaded, but when they knew it was empty they were better soldiers.

A bloody conflict now ensued. The Indians stabbed him in several places. Their spears, however, were but thin poles, hastily prepared for the occasion, and bent whenever they struck a rib or a muscle. The wounds they made were not, therefore, deep, though numerous, as his scars sufficiently testified. At last, one of them threw his tomahawk. It struck him upon the cheek, passed through the ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of the head, and stretched him upon the prairie. The Indians again rushed on; but Higgins, recovering his self-possession, kept them off with his feet and hands. Grasping, at length, one of their spears, the Indians, in attempting to pull it from him, rised Higgins up, who, taking his rifle, smote the nearest savage, and dashed out his brains. In doing so, however, his rifle broke, the barrel only remaining in his hands.

The other Indian, who had hitherto fought with caution, came now manfully into the battle—his character as a warrior was in jeopardy. To have fled from a man thus wounded and unarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his fame forever.

Uttering, therefore, a terrific yell, he rushed on, and attempted to stab the exhausted ranger; but the latter warded off his blow with one hand, and brandished his rifle with the other.

The Indian was yet unharmed, and under existing circumstances by far the most powerful. Higgins's courage, however, was unexhausted and inexhaustible. The savage at last began to retreat from the glare of his untamed eye to the spot where he left his rifle. Higgins knew if the Indian recovered that, his own case was desperate: throwing therefore his ride barrel aside and drawing his hunting knife, he rushed upon his foe. A desperate strife ensued: deep gashes were inflicted on both sides. Higgins, fatigued and exhausted by the loss of blood, was no longer a match for the savage. The latter succeeded in throwing his adversary from him, and went immediately in pursuit of his rifle. Higgins at the same time rose and sought for the gun of the other Indian. Both, therefore, bleeding and out of breath, were in search of arms to renew the contest.

The smoke had now passed away, and a large number of Indians were in view. Nothing it would seem, could now save the gallant ranger. There was, however, an eye to pity and an arm to save; and that arm was a woman's!

The little garrison had witnessed the whole combat. It consisted of but six men and one woman; and that woman was of herself a host—a Mrs Pursley. When she saw Higgins contending, single handed with a whole tribe of savages, she urged the rangers to attempt his rescue. The rangers objected, as the Indians were ten to one. Mrs. Pursley, therefore, snatched a rifle from her husband's hand, and declaring that 'so fine a fellow as Tom Higgins should not be lost for want of help,' mounted a horse and sallied forth to his rescue. The men, unwilling to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop—reached the spot where Higgins fainted and before the Indians came up; and while the savage with whom he had been engaged was looking for his rifle, his friends lifted the wounded ranger up, and throwing him across a horse before one of the party, reached the fort in safety.

Higgins was insensible for several days; and his life was preserved by continual care. His friends extracted two of the balls from his thigh—two, however, yet remained, one of which gave him a great deal of pain. Hearing afterwards that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, he determined to go and see him. The physician (whose name is spared) asked him $50 for the operation. This Higgins flatly refused, saying it was more than half a year's pension. On reaching home, he found the exercise of riding had made the ball discernable; he requested his wife, therefore, to hand him his razor. With her assistance, he deliberately laid open the thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet; then inserting his two thumbs into the gash, "he flirted it out," as he used to say, "without costing him a cent." The other ball yet remained; it gave him, however, but little pain, and he carried it with him to his grave.

Higgins died in Fayette county, Illinois, a few years since. He was the most perfect specimen of a frontier man in his day, and was once door-keeper of the House of Representatives of Illinois.

PRISON LIFE.—In the United States Gazette we find a very interesting account of a visit to the Eastern Penitentiary, from it we clip a passage or two of true poetry:

"We heard the cry of an infant in this gallery. The poor little one had grown weary of the quiet of its mother's cell, its birth place, and its home, and like Sterne's starling, it was trying to get out. At length the door moved, the gate opened, and stooping beneath the low lintel, the kind matron of the department came forth with the little prisoner. The tears were soon dried. The little *traveller* looked abroad upon the gallery, as if it were a world of distance, clapped its hands in joy at its release, and seemed to smile paans of triumph at its achievement, and all its little endearments told of satisfaction. She was becoming a "pet of the Prison."

Plants of remarkable growth, with flowers of exceeding beauty, are cultivated from seed which the prisoners pick from the South American wool which they are cleaning in the factory.

In several of the cells we saw plants growing out of some extemporaneous box, with a little earth coaxed into its narrow confines. One colored man had festooned his own room with the running Mexican plant whose bulb was stuck into a little earth rolled up in a piece of thick pasteboard, while the branches were carried round the arch of his cell with wonderful taste. The leaves of course lacked the thick, fleshy consistency, and the dark, brilliant green of the out-door cultivation, but they served to decorate the cell with the appearance of life, and the poor fellow followed our eyes along the branches of the plant with a little pride in the success of his effort, and almost gratitude for the sympathy which we had exhibited in his horticultural success.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—An excellent article on this subject, we find in the State Advocate, published at Houston, Miss. It is from the pen of a lady. We make the following extract:

"Persons in good circumstances then, are surely inexcusable for neglecting the education of their children. The life of woman is full of trials and responsibilities. You expect your daughters to be the wives of respectable, intelligent citizens: but if your daughters are not educated with remarkable care the more worthy of this class will not seek their hands. If their intellect be uncultivated; their tastes unrefined; their moral qualities not improved; their tempers, dispositions and desires unchastened, you will in vain wish to see them occupy the most desirable places in society. The marriage relation is one of natural and inevitable equality in several important respects. Sensible and educated men understand this, and will scarcely yoke themselves unequally with their inferiors—and if any of this class should be so short-sighted as to form a connection so unfortunate, they soon perceive the evil of their choice. The educated man will contract and sink towards the level of the ignorant or vicious woman, but the connection has very seldom advanced the inferior female towards the grade of her superior of the other sex.

GOLDEN HINT TO TRADESMAN.—A man of the world, who keeps an early purl-house in Tottenham Court Road, assures us he has avoided serving on juries by the following simple method:—He lent the beadle who came with a summons five years ago, the sum of five shillings, and, strange to say, he has never seen the beadle since.—*London Punch.*

Lament of a Household.

"A voice in every whisper
Of the wave, the bough, the air,
Comes asking for the beautiful,
And moaning 'Where, oh! where.'"

Thou art not here oh! thou lost, loved one,
We hear not thy voice when the day is done,
We meet not the glance of thy beaming eye,
When the morn is up in the eastern sky—
We remember thy place at the hour of prayer,
And we weep when we see not the loved one there.

We gather around the same dear hearth,
And we sometimes laugh with our wonted mirth,
But we are not oft as we once were, glad—
Our thoughts are deep and our brows are sad,
When we think of her that has from us gone,
We sigh for the voice of the dear, lost one.

We have watched by thy grave through the twilight hours,
We have sown its turf with the summer flowers;
The cypress and willow are waving there,
And the rose breathes soft on the scented air.
We love that spot as the sacred shrine
Of a spirit all pure as we once knew thine.

We remember the hour when the death-pang came
With an icy chill o'er thy shuddering frame;
We forget not the look that was brightening there,
When the darting pain was too fierce to bear,
And the rapture that shone in thy glaring eye,
When the spirit soared to its native sky.

And we treasure the last lone words of thine,
As a priceless gem in our hearts' pure shrine;
We repeat to each other those accents o'er,
With a tear for her that we meet no more,
And we tell thy tale to the ones we love—
Dost thou not hear it too in thy home above?

The young go forth in their noisy mirth,
When the spring has breathed o'er the gladdening earth,
To gather the flowers that are blooming then
In the meadows green and forest glen,
And their notes of joy on the hills we hear,
But they make us sad, for thou art not here.

When the summer has gone with its golden grain,
And the song of harvest has come again,
With the strange wild sound that swells and dies
In the solemn wind's deep harmonies,
As we join in the dirge of the waning year,
And we weep for the one that is no more here.

When the winter is come, thou art not here,
To share thy part in our evening cheer;
When our seats are placed by the hearth fire's blaze,
And we sing old songs of our father's days,
There stands by the wall a vacant one,
That tells our hearts of a sister gone.

But though we weep we will not complain,
We would not recall thee to earth again;
Thou hast borne thy part in its many woes,
And now thou art gone to thy last repose—
We leave thee to rest in thy quiet tomb,
For we know that for thee there's a better home.

From the Mercury.

Fame.

To notch thy letters on the yielding stone,
To carve them on the gnarled mountain oak;
And find the rock to-morrow morning gone,
The tree consumed to ashes and to smoke;
No vestige left of all thy toil to-day,
Which made thee bold, and strong to mock decay:

To hear a clamor on the mid-day breeze
From which thy name like incense seems to rise,
Then brooding stillness, stirless as the trees
That slumber in the calm of airless skies;
In which all sound of echo is forgot
And thou thyself left voiceless on the spot:

To feel a thirst within thy hoping soul,
And have it fed with ever burning fire;
To be for many worshippers the goal—
Where pilgrim feet at every half-hour tire,
And leave thee, monarch of thyself alone,
The narrow grave thy empire, and thy throne:

And this is fame! for which all heroes toil,
Kings, Conquerors, Statesmen, Priests!
Strewing their bones, or smearing nature's soil
With awful fragments of their drunken feasts;
A breath, a bubble blown into thin air,
Which breaks and dies, and leaves no record there.

NEW YORK, January, 1843. C. D. S.

Love and Friendship.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing eyes in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play.
And thus the friends, that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.
But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And chirrups midst the blast.
Dove-like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

THE GRIEFS OF THE AGED.—There is always something painfully touching in the grief of the aged. The shaking of the wasted hand, with its sallow skin and prominent veins which is now no longer pressed upon the eye-lids, as if weeping brought its own consolation, but wanders uneasily about the garments, now smoothing the folds, and now pressed against the loose girdle. The scanty supply of tears, and the sigh which no longer comes as if a relief, but deep and heavy as become, in truth a groan, wrung as it were, from the vitals: the foot is moved in quick restless taps upon the floor, and the eyes are never turned as expecting sympathy from others. Alas! who is there that is ready to lay the aged and stricken hand upon his bosom, and smooth the gray locks, and kiss the furrowed brow, that has known the weariness and the sorrow of many years. There is something awful in the weeping of the aged. They are those that have known, too, the full vanity of life; have beheld the beloved of youth pass to the spirit land; have known the folly of earthly hopes—have found the canker at the root of every promise and the golden fruit turned to ashes of bitterness. Love, and youth, and hope, and glory, all the chimeras of life, have passed away, and yet they live on, like those ancient trunks, whose dry branches shiver in the winds, and the roots cling to the soil, although life and verdure shall visit them no more. No wonder, then, that we are prone to turn fearfully away from the sorrows of the aged—to feel that there is something awful in the renewal of human passions, in those who are supposed to have survived their existence. No, no: it is for the young, the hoping, the beautiful, to weep, and find a response in every heart; the brow of the aged can alone repose upon the bosom of its God.—*Mrs. Oakes Smith.*

MATRIMONY.—Some men think themselves very clever by tantalizing their wives; some, unpossessed of feeling themselves, may not understand how a vile word or stupid act can vex a keener soul, but it is meet to know and remember this, there is no greater crime than to take a woman from her father's hearth, where she stood in blooming independence, to load her with the cares of a family and then to trample on her hopes, by proving that he is no better than those for whom she never cared or sighed; that he is no worthier than those who are forgotten in her dreams, and passed unheeded as she clung with fondness to his arm. Children of disappointment, why do women consider their lovers the choicest among the sons of men?—*Chuzzlewit.*

PAUPERISM, in contradistinction to *poverty*, is the dependence upon other people for existence, not on our own exertions. There is a *moral pauperism* in the man who is dependent on others for that support of moral life—*self-respect.*

General Hamilton and Colonel Burr.

Our thanks are due, and cordially tendered, to the correspondent from whom we derive the subjoined interesting communication: "I send you," he writes, "an original anecdote of General Hamilton and Colonel Burr, which you may rely upon as authentic. It was related to a party of gentlemen, of whom I was one, by the late Judge Rowan of Kentucky, in his life-time at different periods a distinguished member of both houses of Congress from that State; and celebrated in the western country as the first criminal lawyer of his day—not even excepting Mr. Clay himself. At the time of the relation, in the winter of 1840, he had passed his eightieth year, but he had retained his eminent colloquial faculties unimpaired; and he told the story with an emphasis and manner peculiarly his own. He remarked that he had retained in his memory the exact words of the parties, and that he was the only living recipient of them. But four persons, up to that moment, had ever had cognizances of the circumstances; these were, General Hamilton, Colonel Burr, their mutual friend General D * * *, and himself. He had his information from General D * * *, and he was pledged to secrecy during his life-time. The injunction of secrecy was now removed, by the recent death of his friend, and he felt at liberty to speak. He had been silent for forty years; he was a young man when he heard the anecdote; he was an old man now, when proposing to relate it for the first time. "Gentlemen," said he, "this one circumstance filled up in my mind, the outlines of the character of these two celebrated men; I want no other history of them. You may write ponderous tomes, eulogistic of one and denunciatory of the other; but I have a *fact* in my head, and it is the centre of my opinion. Col. Burr, when arraigned for his trial, did me the very great honor to invite me to become his counsel and advocate, but I remembered the *fact* and refused.

"It was at that period in our history when the Confederation, having cast off the iron hoop of war, seemed to have no other bond of strength. Men's minds were unsettled: there was no gravitation of principle; no unity of purpose; no centre of motion. Patriotism had expended its enthusiasm; liberty had lost its vitality, and forbearance its subordination. Burr believed that the staggering elements would fall into confusion, writhe for a season in anarchy, and emerge in monarchy. He believed that the fermentation, *if allowed to take its course*, would froth and effervesce, and rectify by crystalizing, the desire to put Washington on the throne. He thought, however, that there was a shorter way to 'stability,' by intrigue, by the conjuration of adverse influences; a way less sinuous to his own advancement. He believed that there was no man without his price, while his acute discernment told him that Hamilton's was a character which even his own partizan would turn to in despair, and prefer it to his, in testing an experiment of trying a theory. He had a proposition to make to General Hamilton; it was patriotic or it was traitorous; it was full of meaning, overreaching the words, balancing the ambiguity nicely, but searching enough to find the weakness, had it existed. He knew he would be understood without being committed; answered, without being betrayed. There was treason in it; but it was the occasion, the manner, the words, if you please; and yet it was no where, if he chose to disclaim it! He had a proposition to make, but he would not write it down! Mark the man; he could not be prevailed on to put it on paper. He gave his friend the words and the emphasis, and made him repeat both until they told right to his own ear. These were the exact terms:

"Colonel Burr presents his compliments to General Hamilton: Will Gen. H. seize the present opportunity to give a *stable* government to his country and *provide for his friends?*"

General Hamilton did not hesitate a moment; this was his answer:

"General Hamilton presents, in return, his compliments to Col. Burr; Col. B. thinks Gen. H. ambitious; he is right; Gen. H. is one of the most ambitious of men; but his *whole* ambition is to deserve well of his country."

"There is an answer," continued the narrator, "which would have deified a Roman; there is the *first* of the offences which he expiated at Weehawken."—*Knickerbocker.*

BATTLE OF THE HORSES—Two of the Spanish regiments which had been quartered in Fenen, were cavalry mounted on fine black, long-tailed Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about 1,100 in number, and Romana was not a man who could order them to be destroyed. He was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued, such as probably was never before witnessed. They were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together, then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with ferocious rage, and trampling over those which were beaten down, till the shore in the course of an hour, was strewn with dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of the battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated; and Romana, in mercy, gave orders for destroying them, but it was found too dangerous to attempt this; and after the last boats quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were still being engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction.

THE OBSTINATE ANIMAL.—A knowledge of the habits of animals is sometimes of great service, even the saving of cities. James, in his recent history of the Black Prince, gives an amusing instance of this, in the defence of Rennes, a town of Brittany, besieged by the duke of Lancaster. In order to effect the surrender of the place, the duke enforced a strict blockade, which soon reduced the garrison to great straits; but he knew they would hold out to the last extremity, and he determined to try a trick of war. For this purpose he drew off his soldiers, as if he had left the place, and formed an ambuscade in some bushes behind the town. He then caused a number of hogs to be left loose on the plain, in the hope that the starving garrison would rush out for the prize. But they understood the trick, and turned it to their own advantage. They opened the sally ports and hung up a young sow to the lintel. She, of course, made a great outcry, and the hogs came rushing up to the place from whence the noise proceeded; she was then cut down and driven through one of the streets, and forced to keep up her music. The soldiers sprang up from the ambuscade, in order to try, and if possible, prevent this unlooked for termination of their experiment; but James says, "the hogs, with that intuitive perception of the way their masters do not wish them to go, which has ever marked their nature, went tumultuously into the town, and afforded the garrison very seasonable relief."

☞Man wrongs, but Time avenges.—*Tyron.*

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

CLAIRVOYANCE.—There is in this place a Clairvoyant, Jackson Davis, whose wonderful powers have for a long time astonished many of our citizens. This young man is eighteen years of age, is uneducated, and has resided here for the last six years, and is very generally known.

What is perfectly astonishing is; when in the Clairvoyant state, he is complete master of the general sciences, such as physiology, pathology, anatomy, geology, hydrology, phrenology, astronomy, &c. He is conversant with all these sciences—distinctly points out their fundamental truths and exposes their incidental errors. He has spoken also in as many different languages, and whilst in that state is able and willing to give instruction on any subject which will be of benefit to mankind. He has already explained many phenomena in nature which the learned have been unable to fathom, such as for instance the cause of the *variation of the Magnetic Needle.*

Of late, he has given us four Lectures on Animal Magnetism. The theory of Magnetism, as given in these lectures, is entirely new, and beautiful beyond description. He shows in a clear and lucid manner that Mesmerism is a science, and that all its phenomena are accounted for on natural principles, thus removing all the mystery in which the subject has been shrouded, and completely reversing all former theories which have been put forth; and he has given Mesmerism a new name, expressive of this fact, that of "*Clairmativeness.*"

Within the last twelve months, this young man has examined and prescribed for upwards of one hundred persons, and has restored them to health.

The names of these persons can be given if called for. Among the number I will mention Dr. Charles Thatcher, an eminent physician of this town. This gentleman, for four years past, was afflicted with ulceration of the bowels, in consequence of which he was obliged to give up the practice of medicine. He is now restored to health.

This young man has often astonished and confounded me by revealing to me my own thoughts when I have been sitting beside him, in the trance state. And he has frequently done the same with others, in the presence of many witnesses.

He is still engaged in giving us lectures on various subjects, and these lectures in due time will be given to the public.

By giving the above a place in your paper, you will much oblige myself and many of your readers in this vicinity. Very respectfully, yours,

GIBSON SMITH,
Pastor of the First Universalist Society.
POUGHKEEPSIE, Feb. 16, 1845.

RELATIVE DECAY OF THE SEXES.—Decay in the male sex is much more rapid than in the female. In the three years ending June 30, 1840, the total number of deaths among males throughout England and Wales was 518,006, while the death among females were only 499,058, giving an excess of male deaths in three years of 18,048. After this statement, it cannot appear surprising that the number of females in any country should notably exceed the number of males. In the present time, in London, there are 996,960 females to 878,000 males, or an excess of 119,000 ladies. Coupled with this fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of the female sex. There died throughout England and Wales, between first July, 1839, and 30th June, 1840, 5247 females, aged 85 and upwards; whereas of the same age, there died only 3954 gentlemen, leaving what is called in the city "a balance" in favor of the old ladies of 1293. Among the females who died, 71 had passed the age of 100, but only 40 males.

There are only three diseases common to the sexes which carry off more females than males, they are consumption, cancer, and dropsy. The deaths by childbirth form but a very small fraction of the mortality of the female sex. The proportion is only 8 per per 1000 of the total mortality; and as half a million of children are born annually in England and Wales, and scarcely 3000 deaths take place in childbirth, so there is only one death to 170 confinements. The researches of the registrar-general have brought to light some singular results with reference to the proportion in which acute diseases affect the two sexes. In the zymotic tribe the *uniformity* is quite extraordinary. Thus, out of 8194 persons dying of measles in 1840 throughout England and Wales, 4143 were males, and 4051 females—a difference of only 92. Again, out of 17,862 persons dying of scarlet fever in the same year, 8927 were males, 8935 were females—a difference of only 8. On the other hand, it appears that out of 14,806 dying of pneumonia, 8177 were males, and only 6629 females. Out of 22,787 dying of convulsion, 12,689 were males, and only 10,098 females. The superior value of female life, which this and all statistical considerations tend to prove, and which our insurance offices, by their variation of rates, acknowledge, is not attributable to any differences in the original construction of the body (for man is built of stronger materials than woman;) but first, to the smaller demand upon her vital power during the middle period of life; secondly, to the healthier condition and temperature of the female mind; and thirdly to the lesser amount of toil and anxiety which, in a highly civilized country, falls to the share of woman.—*Dr. G. Gregory.*

THE EFFECT OF FEAR AS A MORAL AGENT.—The fear of punishment may certainly produce sorrow and penitence. Strong apprehensions of future evil, coinciding with present distress, may force men into a change of conduct; and the satisfaction arising from the change may induce them to persevere a sufficient time to prevent a relapse; but this is barely a possibility. Fear produces only temporary effects—it produces a species of sorrow, and occasions restraint, but never influences the inclination or habit. Three vices incident to all educated youth are, falsehood, intrigue, and dishonesty, respecting property, and which may be discovered to have arisen from the restraints of poverty, or the injudicious authority of parents and monitors. The power of laws over poverty, or of austere parents and tutors of children, may impress fear or terror, without materially affecting the vicious dispositions which are gratified by deceit. The first practices of youth are the first efficient lessons of their education; their first suffering inures their minds to pain and punishment, and they gradually improve in fortitude and callousness, until their virtues or vices are established in habits. This may account for the risks they run without apprehension, or the celerity with which they recover from circumstances of shame and humiliation.

It is commonly observed that the vices of falsehood, intrigue, and fraud, are incurable. We generally have recourse to power and terror, which are the sources of the evils; and if they do not frighten a man out of the vice, and deprive him of the inclination to return to it, they blunt his sensibility, improve his artifice, and secure him in his practice. Severity of punishment increases that meanness which is the origin of deceit, incites greater caution in future attempts, and occasions improvements in the secret practices of vice. The best effect ever produced by such means is the acquisition of outward decency, in the operations of wickedness. The fear of pain or reproach have given them caution and dexterity in the practice of vice.

THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC CANALS.—French and English writers are speculating on the necessity and probability of a canal being cut through the neck of land or isthmus dividing North and South America. If this be undertaken by the English Government, what security is there that exclusive privileges will not be attached to the marine of that nation, to the detriment of our own? But we have long been of opinion that if a canal be cut, it should be at the joint expense of Christendom, leaving it a highway for nations. Respecting the most appropriate place for cutting the canal, there have been differences of opinion. Tehuantepec was the first place selected, and was long considered the most eligible place, and by a decree of the Spanish cortes, in 1814, the work of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans was to have taken place at that point; but the war of independence suspended the project. When the Mexican Government resumed the project, that point of land was discredited as eligible for the purpose. But recent investigations have confirmed the original opinion. The breadth of the isthmus, in a straight line from the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos, is 130 miles. It is ascertained that a harbor can be had on the Pacific side, as well as the Atlantic. The isthmus is but scantily populated. Formerly its population was dense, but the buccaneers devastated it. The climate is fine. Ship-timbers grow in profusion. The latter considerations are all important to North Americans and Europeans. The maximum cost of cutting the work is set down at about twelve millions of dollars.

The late treaty with China, and the promise of an indefinitely great trade with the East, render the present time specially proper for our Government to entertain the project. Our vessels now have to double either the African or the American Southern Cape, at a vast waste of time and labor, compared with the short cut through a canal as recommended. And it is a great consideration that such a work, which will certainly be undertaken, should not become a foreign Governmental or corporate monopoly. Sagacious men in England and France are recommending their Governments to undertake it, and holding out to capitalists the value of the undertaking. We have no expectation that capitalists here would undertake it, but it is incumbent upon our Government, in regard to the interests of commerce, to have a definite scientific survey made of the land and harbors, either alone or in connection with commissioners from other Governments. Then it will be proper to entertain the carrying out of the project. Otherwise we may be cut off from the Pacific, or hampered with restrictions, in such a manner as to render our competition uncertain or impossible with the British in the Pacific trade. It would be suitable matter for the next Congress to consider.—*Phila. Ledger.*

MEN OF GENIUS ARE DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION.—The student who may perhaps shine as a luminary of learning and genius, is found not rarely to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse. If you love a man of letters, seek him in the privacies of his study. It is in the hours of confidence and tranquility that his mind shall elicit rays of intelligence tenfold more fervid than the labors of polished composition. Shakspeare's conversational powers were very poor. The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. Virgil was heavy and dull in conversation, and appeared more like an ordinary man than an enchanting poet. Lafontaine appeared stupid and coarse: he could not describe what he had first seen, but his writings were beautiful models of poetry. The same may be said of Goldsmith, Chaucer, and many other of the brightest planets in the firmament of literature. Isocrates, so celebrated for his splendid oratorical composition, was of so timid a disposition in this point that he seldom ventured to make a remark or advance an opinion in public. The great Dryden was in conversation slow and insipid, never known to break a jest or make a repartee. Philosophers agree that, in men of genius generally, the more gigantic the conceptions of the mind the less is the elegance of expression and the eloquence of speech. A certain author says the mediocrity can talk, so can fools and parrots, but to observe belongs to genius alone.—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

ELEGANT HABITS OF BEES.—Did any one ever sufficiently admire—did he, indeed, ever notice—the entire elegance of the habits and pursuits of the bees! their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers; their preference of those that have the finest and least adulterated odor; their avoidance of every thing squalid (so unlike flies;) their eager ejection or exclusion of it from their hive, as in the instance of carcasses of intruders, which, if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb; their love of clean, quiet, and delicate neighborhoods—thymy places with brooks; their singularly clean management of so liquid and adhesive a thing as honey from which they issue forth to their work as if they had nothing to do with it; their combination with honey-making of the elegant manufacture of wax, of which they make their apartments, and which is used by mankind for none but patrician or other choice purposes; their orderly policy; their delight in sunshine; their attention to one another; their apparent indifference to any thing purely regarding themselves, apart from the common good. In the morning, the bee is honey; in the evening, the waxen taper; in the summer noon, a voice in the garden, or in the window; in the winter, and at all other times, a meeter of us in books. She talks Greeks to us in Sophocles and Theocritus; Virgil's very best Latin in his Georgics; we have just heard her in Italian; and besides all her charming associations with the poets in general, one of the Elizabethmen has made a whole play in which the whole dramatis personæ are bees.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

"OX-DRINK"—A GOOD NAME FOR SMALL BEGINNINGS OF GREAT THINGS.—At a late public meeting in this city, the Rev. J. Spaulding dwelt a few moments on the deathless nature and extent of moral influence. Away among the Alleghanies, said he, there is a spring so small that *a single ox in a summer's day could drink it dry.* It steals its way among the hills, till it spreads out in the *beautiful Ohio.* Thence it streches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities and many thousand cultivated farms; and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar, till the angel with one foot on the sea and the other on the land shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with *moral influence.* It is a rill—a rivulet—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

TARIFF MONOPOLY.—The London Economist computes that the people of Great Britain have paid for the tariff monopoly, in the enhanced price of bread and sugar, in the past year more than $75 000,000. What a beautiful system this tariff is! It makes the Englishman pay a double price for what he eats, and the American for what he wears! How it helps the masses here who can't build factories, or those in England who own no land!